

Fracture by Piggie50

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Dubious Consent, Knotting, M/M, Mates, Mating Bites, Mating Bond, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Omega Verse

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-11

Updated: 2017-11-16

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:53:28

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 5

Words: 7,207

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jim Hopper did not consider himself to be a good Alpha.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I have not seen beyond the first season of this show,
so please do not spoil!

Also, dubious consent at the beginning so if that is a trigger for you, maybe you should not read this, or just be wary

Jim Hopper did not consider himself to be a good Alpha. He was much too old for what life threw his way, and though he still managed to roll with the punches he felt tired. He had outlasted his pup, his sweet Sarah, and had lived through government conspiracies, wandering through and out of the Upside Down, and now he was back to being a father to a special girl, one who needed his full attention. One who deserved better. But he was all she had. And he was not nearly good enough.

And didn't he know it.

Therefore, he should have seen the shitload of trouble that was doubtless coming his way. Yet, like a fool, he didn't.

It wasn't uncommon for Hopper to drop by the Byers' house. So sue him if he wanted to check up on Will, to see how the kid was handling things, to make sure that Joyce wasn't feeling the pressure to deeply. He wanted to, so he did.

Except, today was not good. When he pulled up to the house the door was wide open, straight away setting off his protective instincts.

He nearly leapt out of the truck in his haste and ran up the steps cautiously, trying to use his senses to detect danger. And boy did he.

The air was tinted with Joyce's floral beta scent, along with the slightly milky scent of pre-assignation pup, and of...heat. Omega heat. Oh no.

There was only one Omega in the Byers family--Jonathan.

Not good, not good at all. Trying not to inhale too deeply Jim entered the house against his own judgment, intent on making sure the kid was okay, and leaving.

But...the smell of Omega and heat was wrecking havoc on his senses, making him feel things that he shouldn't be, that he hadn't felt

since...ever, really.

From deeper inside the small house a moan echoed, making Hopper's inner Alpha perk up, and sharpen his eyesight, looking for the Omega, putting his feelers out for the one who was creating that heavenly scent.

Before Hopper could stop himself he was moving down the hallway and towards Jonathan's room, the scent becoming stronger with each step.

The door loomed ahead, his hand reached out on its own volition and pushed against it, the cheap wood not even putting up a fight as it creaked open, revealing...oh God.

Jonathan was sprawled across his small bed, blankets shoved down to the foot of the bed, his entire body lacking clothing, revealing all of his naked glory.

Smooth skin, sleek and agile body, the sweat created by heat rolling down his chest and down to his dripping cock. Such heaven.

Jonathan's attention snapped to him when the chief let out an involuntary growl, the sound reverberating around the room. "Hopper..." the kid breathed, and that was what he was, a kid, yet Hopper found himself moving closer. "Hopper, please!" Jonathan's dark eyes were glazed, an indicator of his predicament, a clear picture that he was not all there, not that Hopper's Alpha cared.

The Alpha wanted this boy, this Omega, and he wanted him badly. He had always noticed Jonathan, in a way, but this, this was completely different, completely wrong. He shouldn't be going after such a young Omega like this, one barely adjusted to his assignation and dynamic. But he wasn't stopping.

In fact, Hopper was pulling off his coat, his hat dropping onto the bedside table, his boots being kicked off behind him, and clothing all removed as Jonathan stared at him, panting, fingers grasping the sheets, mouth open wide and sensual.

What was happening?

With a growl Hopper crawled onto the bed, leaning over the boy, the breath intermingling as he leaned down, tongue flicking out to get a taste, licking over Jonathan's parted lips, taking in his gasp. God, he tasted so good.

"Hopper," Jonathan said, voice a little wary, hands coming up to reach his shoulders, and that was no good. This Omega had no need to be suspicious of him and his motives, he had no need to try to get

away. Hopper would take care of him...completely and irrevocably. Snarling, Hopper grabbed Jonathan's beseeching hands and pinned them roughly to the mattress, yanking his own head back to butt at Jonathan's jaw, sending his head backwards onto the bed and revealing the Omega's neck. Now, Hopper could easily smell the scent gland that rested just under the skin, the soft place where a mating bite would go.

"Hopper," Jonathan whined, his legs writhing now, coming up to rest on the chief's hips, pushing him away. No.

Angrily, Hopper pulled back and away and grabbed the boy, rolling him over onto his belly, placing him under Hopper's body again where he was safe and could be easily manipulated. Jonathan mewled as Hopper's heavy cock came in contact with his buttocks, near his hole where he was leaking, the sweet juice of his arousal staining his skin and the sheets under him.

Too impatient Hopper placed one hand on the small of Jonathan's back and with the other took hold of his own cock and placed the head right onto the winking hole of the Omega, basking in the gasp the boy gave as he began to push into the hot space.

God, it was so tight. So hot. So perfect.

Jonathan's body was putting up a resistance, the hot clench of his hole opening and closing as the Omega fought to decide if he would accept the Alpha or not.

Not willing to give the boy a choice Hopper pushed deep, his cock forcing its way past the unwilling muscles, straight into the hot core of the boy, where his inner muscles rippled and clenched rhythmically.

Jonathan gave a cry as he did this, his body tightening momentarily before he dropped solidly onto the bed, panting heavily as Hopper's cock pulsed inside him.

"Good boy," he purred, the hand that had previously gripped his cock coming up to rest on Jonathan's shoulder, stroking and petting, "So good for me. So hot and tight."

Jonathan gave a little sob at his words, but Hopper ignored him in favor of pulling back a bit, testing how the flesh around him refused to give him up. Gritting his teeth he pushed down on the small of the Omega's back as he pulled out, liking the look of his cock separating the tender hole that it was buried in, the way that the head kissed the gaping place that was now his. Groaning, he thrusted back in, already addicted to the feel of the Omega's slick surrounding him, squelching

on each thrust in and out.

It was so good. Too good. Already Hopper could feel his knot growing, his cock desperate to claim this Omega, the Alpha in his mind pouncing at his control, simply waiting for the moment that he let his guard down so that it could come forth.

Under him Jonathan was writhing again, rutting at the sheets as best as he could, his smaller cock purpled at the head and leaking such pretty pearls of precum. Hopper grinned. This cock, this hole, this body was his now. His to take pleasure in, his to give pleasure to. And he wanted that, badly.

With one last groan Hopper pushed in as deeply as he could go, his knot expanding rapidly, keeping them locked.

Feeling this, Jonathan gasped and began to try to escape, age old instincts of resisting breeding from a weak Alpha winning out. Determined not to fail this test Hopper laid down on him heavily, keeping his limbs corralled under Hopper's belly, keeping the Omega tight against his body.

"Come on," he murmured in Jonathan's ear as his knot grew fatter and wider, "Give it up to me." He pushed in a tiny bit deeper and felt the moment when Jonathan's body accepted him, the tightening of his hole before it released, spasming around his knot, soaking up all the cum he had to give.

Enthralled by this Hopper nudged closer to the boy's neck, and that was when his inner Alpha struck. Releasing his hold on the Omega he took one hand and grabbed Jonathan's hair, yanking his head to the side and baring his throat to the Alpha's hungry jaws.

Before either of them could do anything Hopper shoved his face forward, mouth open wide, and his teeth pierced the flesh of Jonathan's neck, right where his scent gland was.

Mating mark.

It was happening right now as sharp canines dipped into the gland, splashing blood and Omega gland oil into his mouth, running down Hopper's throat in a heady combination.

He groaned, too blessed out to notice how Jonathan stiffened against him, the cum he expelled from the force of the knot and bite flowing onto the sheets under them.

It took several moments for Hopper to be able to pull away, his teeth dripped red, his body spurting the last bit of sperm it could muster into the Omega, his knot prematurely giving up its hold now that it had successfully mated an Omega.

Grunting Hopper pulled back, his cock loosening from Jonathan's hole with a pop and a burst of cum and slick, a beautiful sight to behold.

Exhausted, he flopped to one side of the bed, his chest heaving for breath as Jonathan stayed on his stomach, his eyes wide as he stared at nothing.

The quiet between them lengthened and intensified.

Hopper couldn't forget the noises and the taste of the boy next to him...his new mate. But...that couldn't be. "That shouldn't have happened," he said after another moment, his voice husky and rough. Jonathan shivered next to him but didn't answer.

Unable to stop himself Hopper looked over at the boy, at the blood that was ruining his neck, all the way down to his puffy hole, where the residue of their passion still dripped and ran. It was too beautiful to describe.

"I'm sorry," Hopper said, terrible emotions swirling within him, fighting to take charge, fighting to win out and be the foremost of his feelings. "I'm so sorry."

Swallowing dryly he got up from the bed, and began tugging his clothes on, doing his best to ignore his still half-hard and dripping cock, that which still had Omega slick clinging to it. Scowling he zipped his pants up firmly and looked back once more.

Jonathan was holding a hand up to his neck, covering the bite mark and crying silently.

Pain enveloped Hopper as he took in his Omega. He couldn't do this. He couldn't do this to this poor boy.

Taking hold of his hat Hopper put it on and walked out the door.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Talk about the walk of shame.

Talk about the walk of shame.

Hopper sighed to himself as he pulled up to his house, the scent of Omega heat still on his skin, and the taste of Jonathan's blood still in his mouth. This was terrible.

Running a hand over his face he gave a little huff to himself and exited the truck to go inside.

A few soft lights were on, and his tray was still at the table, waiting for him to arrive. Just another thing that he had messed up with today.

"You're late," a voice said from behind him, and he turned to see Eleven, her hair a mess as usual, her wide eyes shadowed as she stared at him. "You smell different...what?"

He did not want to answer that. But, he went over to his chair at the table and took a seat, watching silently as the young girl followed him to sit across from him, Eggo waffle crumbs sticking to her sweatshirt as she laid her arms on the table. "What?" she repeated, eyes boring into his. He had learned long ago not to be uncomfortable with this.

"I'm mated now," he told her, taking in the widening of her eyes and the slight shock that came through her usually expressionless mask. "It was an accident," he went on, more to himself than her, "It shouldn't have happened but it did. That's why my scent is different. My scent and my mate's have combined to show that we're both taken."

Eleven tilted her head to the side, "Who?"

He inhaled shakily and looked away. Too much, too much. He shouldn't be telling her this. "Jonathan Byers," he choked out, almost against his will.

She continued to stare at him, the shock fading from her face, "Omega."

He nodded, even though it wasn't a question. "Yes, and now we're both stuck with this mating bond. It was a mistake. And I can't undo it."

Eleven licked her lips, "A promise. You made a promise to him." He supposed that was true. And he knew how seriously Eleven took promises--they were the only thing that she could count on for something. Maybe she was right.

"Yes," he said slowly, "A promise. One that I don't know if I can keep."

She frowned then, face going dark with the severity of the expression. "You have to keep promises," she told him, "You have to."

What could he say to that? "I'll try," he told her as he looked down at the table, his hands fiddling with the tin foil covering his plate.

Three days after he mated Jonathan Joyce called. She insisted that Hopper come to dinner, since he hadn't been over in a while, and she wanted to check in with him.

No matter how much he argued with her that he was busy the woman wouldn't take no for an answer, so that was how the chief found himself in front of the Byers' house once more, his heart thudding in his chest as he knocked on the door and entered upon the call of "Come in" from Joyce inside.

The smell of Omega heat no longer lingered in the air, instead the house smelled vaguely fresh, like it had recently undergone a thorough cleaning--probably Jonathan trying to mask the scent of his previous heat and Hopper's involvement.

"Hop!" Joyce cried from the kitchen, "Come on in, make yourself at home, dinner's almost ready." She was cutting up roasted chicken, a mouth-watering aroma, but not nearly as wonderful as the scent that resided behind him.

Turning around cautiously Hopper found Jonathan standing in the shadow of the hallway, his eyes wide and panicked. From behind him Hopper could see Will, a small smile on his face as he looked around his brother at the chief.

Hopper fought to keep his eyes off of his Omega and smile at the pup, "Hey kid," he said, "Fight any monsters lately?" That seemed to break the tension a bit, Will coming fully into the room and Joyce saying that dinner was served.

Dinner was awkward. But, it was only awkward for Hopper and Jonathan.

Will talked about his latest campaign with Dungeons and Dragons while Joyce interjected every now and then to ask questions or coo at

his descriptions.

That left Hopper to sneak looks at Jonathan, the Omega going out of his way to avoid his stare as he glared down at his plate, his limbs kept strictly to his side of the table to dissuade accidental touching. It was honestly one of the most awkward things that Hopper had endured, and he had gone through multiple interviews worse than this in the city.

When Hopper could politely excuse himself, which was after coffee and a slice of chocolate cake, he escaped outside and hurried to his truck.

But he wasn't alone.

He could smell Jonathan before he even appeared, his quick stride stopping just short of a few feet away from Hopper, "You shouldn't have left."

Hopper had to make himself turn around slowly, "Oh, and why is that?"

Jonathan was panting a bit in anxiety, his gaze flicking around, "You just...It was...We shouldn't have done it, but we did, and now we have to deal with this."

The chief let his eyes wander down Jonathan's body before he glanced back up at the house. Though he saw no one peeking out of the window he still grabbed a hold of the Omega's arm and dragged him around to the other side of the truck, where they were hidden from view.

"Oh yeah," he said to the boy, dropping his arm but pushing him close to the truck, his arms coming up to block Jonathan in, "And what if I hadn't left? We would have mated again. I would have taken you so many times that you forget everyone, and everything else. I would have gone on until it was just us in that head of yours."

Jonathan flushed blotchily, his eyes dark and hard as he glared up at the chief. "You don't know that," he hissed, pushing his back flat against the space behind him.

Hopper growled, "Don't I? You think I could have controlled myself?" He moved in closer until he was inches away, "You think I would have wanted to? Even now I find myself wanted to flip you over onto the hood of my truck and take you. I think your breath would fog up the paint so prettily, don't you?"

Jonathan's breath was against his lips even now, harsh and panting as the boy fought to control himself. Just from his words Hopper

could smell the slip of slick that had leaked out.

He groaned, "You really don't know anything about it," he told his Omega, gathering enough self-strength to back away, "You don't know that I was doing us both a favor when I left."

Jonathan gulped and looked away, his chest heaving.

They were both silent for a moment before Jonathan spoke, "You helped my heat," he said softly, "You made it stop after just one..."

He didn't seem able to say it. "I-I'm not saying that we have to be in a relationship...I'm just saying that, now that this had happened, now that we have this between us, I could use your help. You know. Sometimes."

The Alpha in Hopper rebelled at the thought of just having sex (though it was not against that at all), their inner beasts would crave more. They would need more.

But Jonathan was glancing up at him with those liquid dark eyes, the bite on his neck showing from where the collar of his shirt had pulled down, the white of his teeth showing as he bit at his lips. How could he deny that?

"Alright," Hopper said. He only hoped that he meant it.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

They lasted about three weeks.

They lasted about three weeks.

Three terrible weeks full of watching the Omega go about town marked and mated, but not scented. Weeks of turmoil that included headaches and sleeplessness, the sign of a mating bond being strained, of a bond seeking its other half out.

Finally, Hopper cracked.

It was on a Tuesday morning that Jonathan Byers stormed into the police station, past the receptionist and other officers, and straight into the chief's office.

"What the hell is this?" He all but screamed as he slapped a piece of paper onto Hopper's desk, "A parking ticket? Why? I was not doing anything wrong!"

Jim Hopper was not proud to admit that he may have used his power for personal gain. But... "I can have this waived," he replied calmly, casually pushing his chair back from his desk and skirting around Jonathan to close the office door, "It won't be a problem."

Jonathan glared, "Good, it shouldn't, because I didn't do anything wrong."

Hopper tilted his head in a nod then simply looked at the boy. He looked tired. Bruised shadows slept under his eyes, and his skin held a paleness that he was sure had not been there before. "How are you?" He asked finally, his hands twitching at his sides in a need to touch.

Jonathan seemed startled by his question, "What? Fine, I guess. Look, if that's all, then-"

"No," Hopper replied, coming closer to the boy, towering over him as he leaned in to inhale his tempting scent, "I know you can't be doing all that well. Our bond is tender, it needs to be nourished by us."

Jonathan's eyes widened, "I-I-"

The Alpha didn't let him speak, "We haven't been in contact for weeks now," he went on, "The bond is strained. It needs a little boost." Then, before Jonathan could form a retort, he leaned down and pressed his lips to the Omega's.

It wasn't the perfect thing of dreams, but Hopper found himself liking the slightly chapped lips of his mate, liked how the boy squirmed beneath him for a moment, his inexperienced body clearly not used to how he was feeling. It made his inner Alpha preen.

After a few moments of this Hopper pulled back, savoring the look of astonishment on the boy's face.

"That-That's the first time you've kissed me," Jonathan said after he had regained his breath. He licked his lips, his Omega instincts kicking in to catch the flavor of his Alpha's lips, then he glanced up at Hopper and his eyes turned hard, "You don't get to do that whenever you want," he said harshly.

The Alpha in Hopper begged to differ and grinned smugly, the action reflected on the outside, showing sharp teeth, "Oh yeah? Guess I can't do this either."

In one fell swoop he gathered up the boy in his arms and pushed him up against the wall by the door, their bodies coming into close contact, hardness pressed into forgiving flesh as Jonathan gasped and writhed.

Hopper ignored him in favor of grabbing hold of the boy's thighs, his hands going to the underside and hauling him up, sliding the boy up the wall, the Alpha wrapping the Omega's legs around his waist, hitched up with little to no effort, and with little choice.

"I've missed this," Hopper told the boy as he leaned down to kiss him again, his tongue thrusting into the Omega's mouth, tasting and exploring, "I've wanted more of you."

Jonathan yanked his head back, his dark eyes finding Hopper's own as his hands came up to settle on the chief's shoulders. "We can't do this here," he gasped out, biting his lip as the Alpha pushed his hips forward, the hard cock of the older man pushing against him, "We can't."

"I disagree," the chief told him, lifting a hand to brush his thumb against Jonathan's lip, pulling it from his teeth, "Completely." He moved forward to take that plump bottom lip in between his own teeth, biting down before soothing the sting with a flick of his tongue.

Jonathan's whines were music to his ears, but unfortunately they were getting louder, and Hopper did not want to be found like this, especially not by other Alphas who might encroach on his territory.

As gently as he could he shoved his index and middle fingers into his Omega's mouth, the boy sucking on them instinctively as he shut his

eyes tightly, his head tipping back as Hopper maneuvered them so that Jonathan was fully against the wall, hips trapped there by Hopper's own.

With his Omega secure the Alpha thrusted his hips against the boy's behind, right against where his hole was, the fabric of their pants separating them, and making it impossible to get the perfect friction. Still, Hopper did his best, grunting and growling quietly, nosing along Jonathan's jaw and rubbing his scruff against the boy's neck, sure to leave beard burn. He desperately wanted to see that.

But right now, he desperately wanted to get off.

Gritting his teeth the Alpha swiveled his hips, grinding against his Omega, smelling his slick in the air, wanting to feel it around him, wanting to taste it, but knowing that that wasn't possible right now.

"God, I want this," he whispered into the boy's ear, his breath panted harshly, as he felt the tide coming, felt the coiling of his stomach and the rush that he craved.

With a low snarl he thrusted once more against the Omega and felt the burst of heat consume him--the great climax of life. His knot pushed against the zipper of his pants, wanting out, and wanting to be inside his mate. This would be hell to clean up later.

Pushing these thoughts aside Hopper allowed himself to ride out the sensations before turning his attention back to his Omega, who was still panting in front of him, eyes wide open now as he stared at the Alpha, pupils large and dark.

Wanting to bring his mate pleasure Hopper pulled himself back, taking the Omega was him in his arms, and while earning himself a yelp, he pushed the boy onto his desk, flipping him onto his stomach and shoving down his jeans.

Once his pants were pulled down the scent of Omega slick hit the air intensely and suddenly, making Hopper dizzy. Licking his lips he took the fingers that Jonathan had sucked earlier and shoved them into the soaking hole, the boy gasping and groaning at the motion.

With hurried movements Hopper thrusted his fingers in and out, enjoying the sound of it and enjoying the sight even more. Jonathan's hole was still tight and hot, and it seemed as if the Omega did not want to let the Alpha go, his hole gripping and clinging upon each thrust.

After several moments of this Jonathan squirmed and whined, a high pitch noise that instantly brought Hopper's attention to him.

"Fuck, kid," he breathed before he leaned down a bit and ran his free

hand along his mating mark.

Instantly, this made Jonathan tense up and come, the extreme force of it keeping Hopper's fingers inside him, milking the digits as the boy's body fought to process what exactly was happening. It was glorious.

Soon the boy slumped to the desk, his energy spent. Carefully, Hopper pulled his fingers from the hole, the slick stringing along with them before breaking and coming to settle on Jonathan's skin, joining the fluid that was still leaking from him.

Exhausted, Hopper collapsed into the guest chair, the front of his pants sticky and drying, his gaze focused on Jonathan, who still wasn't moving.

Finally, the chief sighed, "Want me to get you a towel or something?" Jonathan's buttocks twitched, then his head moved, pressing down onto his now crossed arms. After a minute his voice came through them, muffled, "That would be nice."

Hopper nodded to himself and got up, ignoring the awkward tug of the pants drying to his skin. He would survive it. And after all, it had been worth it.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

It became an annual thing.

It became an annual thing.

Hopper would do something, often at the expense of his dignity to get his mate's attention, and Jonathan would obligingly show up and make a fuss before they fell into each other, kisses and touching running rampant.

They had not had penetrative sex again yet, but Hopper had found that sucking one's mate down was exhilarating, and that licking up running slick was empowering.

Jonathan wasn't very good at giving head yet, he was still inexperienced, but Hopper was definitely willing to teach him the finer points of it.

Today though, Jonathan had come to Hopper's house, his scent a little erratic, his eyes a little too wide. Thankfully, Eleven had gone out of the house for a bit, so Hopper could take the boy inside.

They sat side by side on the couch, Jonathan's leg twitching up and down in a hurried motion while Hopper watched him wonderingly, his inner Alpha soaking up the scent of his mate, even if it did seem a little off.

Suddenly, Jonathan straightened up and said loudly, nervously, "I want to do it again."

Hopper almost jumped, "Do what?"

Jonathan bit his lip but turned his head a bit to face him, "I want to-- I want the knot again."

Well, that was a bit unexpected. Hopper leaned closer to him, "Do you? Why now?"

Jonathan frowned and found the courage to look him in the face, "Why are you asking me this? Shouldn't you just be doing it?"

Hopper shrugged, "Well, if that's what you want." He stood up and gestured for Jonathan to follow him as he left the room, heading down the hall into his bedroom. Warily, Jonathan followed.

All the way through undressing and watching Jonathan tug his clothes off Hopper could tell that something was different. The boy

seemed anxious, even more so than someone having sex for a second time. It was worrying.

Still, the Omega kissed him like all was well, and Hopper began to fall under his spell of scent and taste, the enchanting allure of his mate irresistible.

Jonathan allowed Hopper to place him on the bed, to follow him onto it and lay on top of him, the chests rubbing together as Hopper stroked the Omega's cock, enjoying how it freely leaked precum.

Jonathan got slick easily, his legs opening wide to accommodate Hopper as he went in between them, stretching the boy with his fingers before pressing his hard cock in, the knot already starting to grow, too excited to last properly. Still, Jonathan didn't seem to mind.

Their rutting lasted longer than either of them had expected, their combined scents an aphrodisiac, and the sounds they made coming together into a sublime chorus.

Before long, Hopper's knot grew and locked them in place together, his growl of pleasure echoing around the room as he bit lightly down on Jonathan's mating mark, not wanting to reopen the wound.

Unwilling to forget his mate, Hopper thumbed the head of Jonathan's cock and delighted in the cry the Omega gave as he too came, his head lolling back and exposing the strained tendons in his neck, his lips parted in a glorious expression.

Uncharacteristically tenderly Hopper pressed a kiss to his lips, soaking up the heavy air around their bodies, running his fingers along the sweat that covered his Omega's flesh. The evidence of their pleasure.

They laid there together in silence, their breath evening out as the knot pumped all it had to give into the Omega, before it finally died down, allowing Hopper to pull out and press himself onto the bed.

He gave a sigh of contentment, his inner Alpha purring at what they had just achieved.

A few moments later Jonathan sat up, scooting to the foot of the bed. Curious, Hopper propped himself up onto an elbow and stared down at him, watching the muscles of his back work as he inhaled, taking in the slight sight of his used hole, slick and cum glistening in the sparse moonlight. It was intriguingly arousing.

Yet, it also gave him another thought. "You're on the pill, right," he asked Jonathan, his stomach clenching in worry at the thought.

The Omega stiffened, "Why? Scared I'll get pregnant and show the

world what we've been doing?" His tone was strangely hollow. Hopper pushed himself up more, "I don't want another kid. No one could ever replace Sarah, not matter how hard you try."

Jonathan's shoulders tensed before he stood up abruptly, whirling around angrily to face the Alpha. "I don't want to replace your daughter," he yelled, "How could I? Who would?" Suddenly, all of the fight seemed to leave him as he inhaled shakily, his muscles loosing their stiffness and his arms slumping down, "I couldn't anyway," he said quietly, "I-I can't have kids."

The statement brought a sense of shock through Hopper. His mate couldn't bear pups? His inner Alpha howled in sadness and misery while the man tried to think it over. It would explain why he was so protective and caring towards Will, why he put up a front sometimes, but...how? Why not?

Jonathan answered these questions on his own though, "I can't have kids because my dad...when he found out I was an Omega, he-he gave me these pills without my knowledge. They-they messed me up, inside. My reproductive systems were compromised. We didn't find out until it was too late."

A sudden roar of hate filled Hopper. Who would do something like that to this child? If he ever got his hands on Lonnie Byers there would be hell to pay. He was so wrapped up in these thoughts that he almost missed Jonathan bending over to grab his clothes, his figure hunched and awkward.

"Don't," Hopper blurted, making the boy pause, "Don't go." He rolled off of the bed and stepped close to his mate, not touching yet though, "None of this was your fault," he told the Omega, "You couldn't have known."

Jonathan hiccupped on a sob, "I can't give anyone pups," he cried out, his lips quivering, "How can I ever keep someone if I can't give them what they want?"

Undeterred Hopper enveloped the boy into his arms, "You are enough," he said into Jonathan's hair, "You are all I need."

This made Jonathan cry harder, but he dropped his clothes and wrapped his own arms around Hopper's large frame, clinging to him as it he were a lifeline.

It was terrible. It was the worst. But it was all them.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry for the sad chapter and the OOC-ness. I thought that I would give another layer into their relationship. Hope I didn't upset anybody.

5. Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

Things began to get better.

Notes for the Chapter:

This is it, the last chapter! More fluffy than smutty, but I still hope you like it!

Things began to get better.

They would meet a few times a week, getting their scents on each other, nuzzling close between kisses, scent glands rubbing against each other, or, they would just meet at Hopper's house and do the deed. It was all heat between them, even during the quiet moments there was a desperate lull, a low simmer that longed to become a sizzle.

It was in this way that Hopper went to find Jonathan one day, when the boy missed their scheduled meeting time at the rock quarry cliffs. He longed to see his Omega, his mate, to feel his skin against his, to see the dark flash of Jonathan's eyes as he looked at him, the boy's lips almost curling into a smile before he remembered himself and glanced away again, always making the chief yearn for more.

So, Hopper jumped into his truck and went into town first, wondering if the boy had gotten stuck at work, or perhaps had lost track of time in his photography again.

Instead, he found Jonathan in front of the cinema, the girl, Nancy Wheeler, talking to him while at her side was her boyfriend, Steve Harrington. Hopper did not miss the looks that the young Alpha was giving Jonathan, his Omega nature most likely inhibiting the jock.

Hopper felt a flash of pure anger as he watched this scene. Steve was puffing his chest out, making himself more visible, trying to showcase that he was a viral Alpha, one with money and good looks, one that would make a comfortable and desirable mate. Whether he was doing it on purpose or not was not important, the point was that he was doing all of this in Jonathan's direction, in Hopper's Omega's direction. His inner Alpha would not stand for this.

Before he knew what he was doing Hopper zoomed into a parking spot and all but dashed out of the cab, his teeth clenched together as

he fought to gain control. It would do no good to fight this little Alpha punk--he was just a kid, and, on top of that, he had not technically done anything wrong.

Jonathan noticed him first, of course, no doubt catching his scent on the wind, his head twisting around to look at the chief, his eyes going wide as he saw Hopper's expression.

Nancy turned to look at what Jonathan was staring at and took a step back, almost running into her boyfriend as she did so. It was almost amusing.

Hopper stopped just a few feet away from the trio, inhaling deeply, letting his Omega's scent linger in his nostrils and deep into his lungs, more heady than cigarette smoke, and much better than a nicotine high. Then, he looked straight at Steve, "You kids loitering?" It came out as playful, but Jonathan seemed to catch the hint of steel under his words. Steve did too, judging by his raised brow.

"Oh, no," Nancy said, a placating smile pasted onto her face, "We just ran into each other here and decided to catch up. We were actually about to go somewhere else, catch some lunch." She cast a glance at Jonathan, noticing his tensed shoulders. He didn't look back at her.

His eyes were glued on Hopper, unreadable, but obviously waiting. He was waiting for him to freak out and tell them that Jonathan was his, Hopper thought with a jolt. It was not entirely pleasant.

"Yeah," Steve cut in, his arm going around the beta girl at his side, "We didn't mean to break any laws Chief." His grin was equally teasing as Hopper's earlier tone, but the iron behind his was easier to detect. It was all young, brash Alpha.

It rankled Hopper's inner Alpha's hindquarters. "No, no," Hopper said smoothly, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it leisurely, "Nothing wrong at all." He took a puff and let it swirl around his mouth, knowing that Jonathan would hate the taste of it later. The Omega's scowl said it all. "But, I do need to talk to Jonathan for a moment," he said, "Something about a ticket." He raised his brows, putting on a fake mask of concern and just a hint of smugness, classic cop.

Jonathan inhaled through his nose angrily, nostrils flaring before he turned to the two others, "You guys go on, I actually have to go home after this anyway. See you later."

Nancy gave him a worried look, but thankfully she bid him and the chief goodbye and left, dragging her useless boyfriend with her.

Once they were out of view Hopper flicked his cigarette to the ground, stomped on it with the toe of his boot, and reached out and

grabbed Jonathan's wrist, "We need to talk. Now." With no hesitation he pulled the boy behind the cinema and into the alleyway there, pushing the Omega up against the wall and crowding him in.

Jonathan looked up at him angrily but breathlessly, his mouth coming open as his heaving chest came in contact with Hopper's. "What was that?" he asked, licking his lips.

Hopper glared down at him, "I could ask you the same thing. First you miss our meeting and then I find you with little miss Nancy and that disgusting Harrington boy. Did you even see the way he looked at you?" At Jonathan's confused face he leaned in closer and pressed his lips against the boy's throat, right where his mating mark was. Jonathan gasped.

"He wants you Jonathan," Hopper breathed against his skin, hips rolling forward to crush into Jonathan's, "He wants you just like this. He wants to be the one to pull you down and take you, make you wet with want, make you carry his mark when he wants it. But he can't have that, can he, because I'm the only one who gets that with you. Aren't I?" He brushed his nose against Jonathan's jaw, his teeth coming up to bite gently at the boy's earlobe, holding and tenderly pulling down.

Jonathan squirmed against him, hands coming up to grasp at strong forearms from where they trapped him. "S-Steve doesn't want me like that," he stammered out, "He doesn't even like me."

The sound of another's name from the lips of his mate brought a snarl to Hopper's mouth, coming out past the cage of his gritted teeth and into the heavy air around them. "You didn't see his face," he growled out, pressing against the Omega harder and earning himself a whine, "He was showing all the signs of an interested Alpha," he told the boy, "I should know."

Jonathan rocked back against him, his head falling back to rest on the grimy bricks behind him. "N-Not true. None of it."

Hopper clenched his jaw, "And you think he won't try anything? I won't let him. You're mine, aren't you? You're my Omega, you wear my mark around your neck. It's my knot that you take so beautifully. My mating bond that you accepted." Their pelvises clashed together now, such sweet music made by their bodies, the hardness of the two of them enough to carve mountains in the form of their relationship.

"Yes," Jonathan suddenly cried out, arching up against Hopper's body, "Yes, Yes to all of that. To everything you said. I am yours, you know it!" A damp circle appeared between them, staining the dark

press of Jonathan's jeans.

Hopper nearly yowled at the scent of his mate's release. It was all it took, in fact, to make him come too, knot pressing against the zipper of his uniform pants, the fitted fabric torture to him. But he could stand it. For this he could stand anything.

Against him Jonathan panted, his head still slumped back, but his eyes were open and staring straight into Hopper's. It was unnerving. "What?" Hopper asked, pushing forward to brush a kiss against his Omega's lips, stalling his answer, and stealing the sweetness of his breath.

Jonathan kissed him back, softly, turning the kiss into a love affair. It was everything that a courting kiss should have been. They must have missed that part.

When they pulled apart Jonathan still stared at him, licking his lips before whispering, "I want this to be real. I don't want this to ever end."

Hopper felt the need to shiver, "It is." He told the boy, "And it doesn't have to end."

Jonathan glanced down before looking back up again, his gaze defiant and nervous all at once, "Then let's make it official," he said, "Let's tell my mom and brother what we are."

Everything in Hopper seemed to freeze, then, after a moment of absorption, it all came flooding back, like a microwaved meal that had been overheated, "What?"

Jonathan wrapped his arms around the Alpha's shoulders, ignoring the height difference between them, "I want the world to know that I belong with you, and you belong with me. I want this to be something that can be true. I want to be able to make promises with you and keep them."

Promise. You have to keep promises. You have to.

Hopper took a breath, and then another, then he smiled. It was a smile that had not appeared for years. It was the smile of the lost that had found their way again, but not only by finding something worthwhile. It was found by discovering your home. And your heart. "Okay," he said, "I'm pretty sure Joyce is going to kill me, but, let's do it."

Jonathan stared up at him, a new light entering his eyes, one that Hopper had never seen before. Then, the boy lifted himself onto his toes and kissed Hopper. The kind of kiss that should have happened first between them. But, it was better late than never. After all, what

more was a fractured timeline than a minor setback to fate.

Notes for the Chapter:

There we are, my little perve pet project all done.
Please review and kudos, and thank you all so much
for reading!